

The Evening Herald.

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ST. PATRICK.

TOMORROW, all over the world, particularly throughout the length and breadth of those

United States, millions of people of all races, ages, creeds and conditions will join in giving some form of pleasant recognition to Saint Patrick's day; not so much through particular esteem for this particular saint, but as a mark of esteem for the whole-souled, great-hearted people who do honor to the saint.

The wearing of the green on St. Patrick's day is becoming more and more universal in the United States. We see it extended with each passing of the saint's day. It cannot be otherwise than a tribute we are glad to pay to the cheerful sons of Erin who are willing to join hands with us; dig our ditches, build our buildings and base our politics with a happy, smiting disregard of anything save results that win them way wherever they go.

For the life of Saint Patrick, as it is given to us, merits the esteem of all creeds. The Saint was born south of the wall of Sevres about the year 380 A. D., of noble parentage, his father, Calpurnius being a son of Potitus, a priest. At the age of 15 years the Scots invaded Patrick's home and he and many others were carried off and he was sold as a slave on the opposite coast of Ireland. Here he remained for a period of six years tending cattle, longing and praying for some means of escape. Finally he concealed himself in the woods adjoining Killarney Bay, and made his escape on a passing ship. He then made his home with the Britons, his kindred, who received him as a son. While here Patrick was given to visions pertaining to his mission of Christianizing the Irish, which by this time completely occupied his mind. Following these visions minutely, perhaps, accounts for all the goodness of his after life.

At the age of 36 years he entered upon his one mission in life the improvement of the Irish. Patrick shone particularly as an organizer. He journeyed incessantly throughout the land, founding churches and monasteries, baptizing converts and consecrating bishops and priests, accompanied always by his writers and architects, his goldsmiths and carpenters. He adapted his methods to the genius and character of the nation, and gave the Christian direction to the natural and lively curiosity of the Celts, which has never been weakened nor diverted. His influence and teachings, touching magically on the burning temperament of soul and ardent imagination which are characteristic of the Celts, made the Christian Irish undoubtedly the most scholarly and cultivated people of the middle ages. At his death, after thirty years of glorious endeavor, Patrick left behind him a veritable church militant, eager, enthusiastic and undaunted in pursuit of the only good. His acts of kindness and goodness were never ending until his death in 460.

TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT.

THESE are such a stir nowadays in the world of aeronautics and so many hopeful inventors are making plans to fly across the Atlantic, as if it were an everyday sort of undertaking, that when the momentous fact is actually accomplished nobody will be greatly surprised. Even the most conservative men of science predict that transatlantic flight is a possibility of the near future and some very serious efforts are now being made by reputable inventors to furnish the craft that will be needed.

Glen H. Curtis, who comes along with Orville Wright as an aviation expert and builder of flying machines, is at present engaged in building a flying boat for Nathan Wamnaker, in which it is proposed to cross the ocean from St. John's to the coast of Ireland. The board of governors of the Aero Club of America have decided to use the Langley aero-dynamical laboratory of the Smithsonian Institution in preparing for the transatlantic trip. The laboratory is well equipped for testing aeronautical models and has the largest wind tunnel in the world, in which models can be tested at any speed up to 81 miles an hour. The laboratory is also equipped for testing aeronautical engines and materials. A model of the Curtis machine will be given a thorough trial in the wind tunnel, in different air

currents, before the large machine is launched for its voyage.

If the Wamnaker craft makes the transatlantic trip in 72 hours or less without alighting, except on the water, it will win a prize of \$50,000 offered by Lord Northcliffe, publisher of the London Daily Mail. Mrs. Victoria Woodhall Martin of the Women's Aerial League of Great Britain has offered a silver trophy and a prize of \$5,000 to the best aviator who flies across the Atlantic. Mr. Wamnaker will try for the prize offered by Lord Northcliffe, as well as the trophy and prize offered by Mrs. Martin.

Although it hasn't been very long since a most disastrous attempt was made to cross the Atlantic in an airplane, inventors have not been disengaged. Most of them seem of the opinion now that it will be in some form of aeroplane and not in an airship.

It is significant that the steamer is no longer considered either feasible or impracticable.

It is reasonable to suppose that before many years have elapsed when the rolling of the waves have caused acute discomfort will be able to journey luxuriously across to Europe without missing a single meal, on board an aerial liner whose berths and appointments will equal those of any hotel in the land.

GOETHALS FOR GOVERNOR.

PROGRESSIVE leaders in New York have picked on Colonel

Goethals as their candidate for governor of that state, and he is said to have consented to permit his name to be used. From the army to politics has been the jump taken by many in the past and Goethals will not lack for precedent. Several army officers were honored with the presidency as a result of their records in the service. While Goethals has not been distinguished in war, he has made a brilliant record in peace as the builder of the Panama canal, becoming a figure of international prominence.

Goethals would make a strong candidate for governor of New York, and George W. Perkins showed much sagacity in picking the colonel for the place. Prestige acquired in building the canal undoubtedly would be a most valuable political asset for Colonel Goethals. That he is fitted for executive duties involved in the government of a great state is certain. As governor of the Canal Zone he displayed much ability. He is big enough to govern a state and if he really enters the fight he will make a strong candidate. It will require a man of the roosthrough strength if the Progressives in a party are to get far in New York.

THE GOLD FIGHTING SPIRIT.

THOSE who have feared the old fighting spirit has gone out of the Republican party should take a look at the Philadelphia Inquirer. It goes after President Wilson hammer and tongs, just as all good Republican newspapers used to go after Cleveland. Wilson's message to congress was one advocating "surrender of American rights." It is a "Policy of crawl." Also it is a "Policy of scuttle."

We quote no more, for every reader can supply the rest. Anybody could write it in his sleep. It is a curious survival of the time when all Republican editors felt called upon to denounce every act of a Democratic president, and to show that the country had nothing to expect from him but treachery, dishonor, calamity, shame and a crop failure.

But today the Inquirer is wholly out of line with the prevailing Republican sentiment on Wilson, and also with the attitude of Republicans in congress. Bon and Lodge and other Republican leaders are earnestly supporting the president.

And the news from Washington is that a large majority in the senate is going to "crawl and scuttle along with Mr. Wilson."

Tom Mann, the British strike leader, is going to South Africa and it will be interesting to see what happens to him when he gets there. He has thrown a score or two into the Aspinwall cabinet, but this will be his first encounter with such a prime minister as General Botha.

So many working people were pushing into a Brooklyn savings bank Saturday evening to deposit their wages that the crowd gave rise to the rumor that there was a run on the bank. That doesn't look like bad business.

The New York savings banks show an increase in deposits of over \$50,000 during the past year; a million a week increase in bankable wealth during the first year of the Democratic administration is not a bad showing.

The Mothers' Favorite.
A cough medicine should be harmless. It should be pleasant to take. It should be effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is all of this and is the mothers' favorite everywhere. For sale by all druggists.

HENRY'S MESSENGERS. Phone 939.

SOLOS
by the
Second Fiddle.

IN DEMINS they had an Old Timer's banquet last week. It is said there were more present who had been in the valley for six months.

ELFEGO says Villa arrested his cousin because this bandit didn't like said cousin's hat. Yet you'd never have sized Villa up at a mile off.

ANSELMO MELEJOREZ of Dona Ana county has arrived home safe after spending twenty-four hours in the Juarez jail. The family has reconsidered the funeral arrangements.

A LAS CRUCES newspaper lists more than fifty new farmers in the Mesilla valley this week. Advertising did it.

OUR ADVERTISING committee is going to start today. No!

WE guess we won't venture any advice to our Democratic friends about getting together.

ADV'DS sometimes seems to kick back.

CORPORATION Commissioner Hugh Williams has informed his home people at Deming that President Wilson is a very sick man. There may be prominent conservatives who wish it were true.

ROGERO Chieftain says it's easy to be a leader. The trouble is to get followers. The Chieftain has learned this from observation in Socorro.

THE SOCIAL problem in Yonico is not what to do with the houses, but what the houses are going to do with us.

CHINA eggs are said to be cheapest. But there is no report on their digestibility.

Beasts of the Jungle.

Although it was past midnight, a murky twilight hung over the jungle; with here and there a pinpoint of light where a stray sunbeam managed to find its tortuous way through some passage in the infinity of tangled undergrowth overhead.

Silently as the pines pass forward to its prey the dusky savages crept forward, their dark bodies mingling like phantom shapes with the fantastic tropical vegetation. Not a breath of air stirred.

With savage steps poised, the savage savages crept toward the little party of unsuspecting travelers encamped on the soggy bank of the murky upper Amazon.

The time had come. With a gesture of fierce exultation the mighty chief raised his hand in signal for the attack.

Then—he drew back, covering his complexion, fading to the color of soiled dough.

"Hey, fellas," he said in a sibilant Amazonian whisper, "this is no place for us. I've seen that teller in the movies down at Rio."

Silently his companions drew up around him. Assounded they gazed on the face of one whose teeth have flashed around the world.

"Beat it," they cried in chorus. T. R.

(The End.)

Adios Amigos

(Santa Fe Employee's Magazine.)
The little gray mocking bird sings in the morn—

Adios amigos!

The Mexican bluebirds are calling in the corn—

Adios amigos!

And clear as the chimes of a chapel bell

Comes the call of a chaparral;

Across the mesa and down the dell—

Adios amigos!

Too long I've stayed in a stranger land—

Adios amigos!

And I must away to the desert sand—

Adios amigos!

Desert and prairie are calling me—

And mesas blue as the bluest sea,

And the raven that sits in the pinon tree—

Adios amigos!

There's a little white cottage at the foot of a hill—

Adios amigos!

And a little green grave, all cool and still—

Adios amigos!

Where the cactus blooms and the rabbits play.

And twilight lingers at the close of day:

It's home—and I must away, away—

Adios amigos!

—Lydia M. Dunham O'Neill.

Cortona, N. M.

George Westinghouse
